## CYCLING AS LITTLE QUEENS.

Several New York Children Will Have Bicycle Presses for Winter Like Wilhelmina's.

A COSTUME FROM THE HAGUE.

A Cunning Rig to be Worn Awheel by a Pet Grandchild of William M. Evarts. -One is Having a Jack-Frost Fur Suit Made Like that Worn by the

try. It brought comfort to man beast, but it called in the children small child cycler of distinction. This

LITTLE QUEEN WILHELMINA SKETCHED IN IDEAL HOLLAND

American lady caught a gitt

quickly sketched her in her cycling suit The Queen had been riding and waiting for her mother, the Queent, to overtake her, Little Wil

the suit, and a fur Tam O'Shaater makes the hat.

There are about twenty children whose parents belong to the Kniekerbocker Skating Club of New York. This is a club composed of society people from all over the country. The members band together to secute good skating when in New York in the winter. A vacant lot is hired, near central Park, and every morning and afternoon as long as the cold weather lasts the little enclosed pond is gay with skaters. There is a club-house and, employed in and out of the building, are many professional laborers whe keep it in skating perfection, A professional skating-rink manager from Montreal superlatends it.

sattering a quees.

Sattering a quees.

Apperium lady caught a gimper

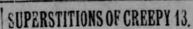
found, and it is probably obtainable by anybody that will look for it. It is a foreign glove, sometimes made in this country. It is very thick and smooth and all of wool and fits tightly. There

An Even Thing.

a score of children who travel with their parents all the year around and apend a few months in this city and a few months in that. Their education is managed by governesses. But the cy-cling can only be managed by fore-

thought.
Two of the prominent members of this club are the twin boys of Mrs. Burkeltoche, and two others are the children of Mrs. Ogden Mins. All four of these youngsters cycle to perfection. This winter they wil dress in flaming scarlet, lined with chamols and edged with

In a child's cycle suit the most atten-tion should be paid to the parts of the suit that in walking need little atten-tion. A walking suit needs warmth around the neck and hands. The back takes care of itself in the exercise of walking. In a cycling suit the back verses unless there is warmth and pad-



13 at inner Te-Day Would Bring Doubiy Bad Luck," Says Dr. Depaw.

HS TELLS OF SOME CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

"13th Fish" and What He Does With lers for Those Who Plight Their

calendar. "I don't like the lath. I am a superstitious man. Thirteen to me is full

calendar. "I don't use the tail."

superstitious man. Thirteen to me is foli
of fate, and on that day my flesh creeps
and I feel as though a thousand unseen
imps held the reins of my destiny.
"I sat down to dinner once on the 15th
with thirteen people at the table. Within
two weeks one of us died, Again I tried
it. This time one of the guests dropped
dead within an hour, it was at a wedding breakfast, And the third time f
tried the feast of thirteen the result was
so painful for myself that I don't want to
take about it for prist.
"I am a believer in the unseen at all
times. I don't say this is superstition.
Man comes into the world mysteriously.
He departs he knows not how or way,
nor whence. Why, then, is it strange
to suppose that mysterious things surround him?"

SIEANGE RAFFENINGS.

perstitious about this house was the fact that the day he discovered the measurement, a workman fell thirteen feet and was killed, and thirteen days later another workman was silled failing from a height of twice thirteen feet. He left a family of thirteen, counting his blind old mother. That settled the manson and the question of thirteen.

But while thirteen is an unlucky number, it is also a very lucky one. Properly exorcised, the lil-luck fies away and comes back bringing good luck. The blood-rel garnet, for example, is an unlucky some at all times. On the lith, it is fike knifing a person and washing your hands in his blood. Ball luck comes with the stone. But if you take thirteen of the garnets and set them close together and present them upon the lith, you have the Lucky Gift of the whole year.

A little knot of purple ribbon upon the breast is the backe of the King's Daughters, even without the small silver cross. But on the lith-particularly if the lith full upon Sunday—the knot of purple is worn with a different significance.

Take a strip of ribbon any width and different inches long and tie it in a knot with two bows and two ends. Take another strip of purple ribbon, thirteen inches long and tie it in a knot with two bows and two ends. Take another strip of purple ribbon, thirteen inches long and tie it in a knot with two bows and two ends. Take another strip of purple ribbon, thirteen inches long and put it around your neck. Suspend the first bow from the strip of ribbon until it hangs right over your heart. This is the Love Charm of the lish Sunday, With this worn over the heart there is a magnetic force at work, and no man can resist it. Prosonals are spoken, one after another, whether a eccepted or rejected, the charm will always exert an influence upon the person through life.

WANAMER'S 13.

John Wanamaker once told a partner in business that he was not superstitious, but hated the number 12. It did not look "symmetrical."



with the others. But if no other one is caught, then the thirteenth fish is thrown back into the water, little the worse for his excusion. The President doesn't know people see him manocurre with the thirteenth fish, but I have seen him do it many times."

Except for that one of cating thirteen at table, and to this he holds stoutly.

JAMES BARTON.

George Eliot and a Tragedy.

The late George Eliot, though she possessed rose of the ordinary femiline at-

teenth fish, but I have seen him do it many times."

Too MANY TRIBITEENS.

Collis P. Huntington's window, the window which projected too far over the street in his Fifth avenue mansion, was found on measurement to be thirteen inches over the line. In the air, high as this window is, the thirteen inches appearing trifling. But from the bay windows of the other houses the dierence can be easily seen, it is no laughing matter to take thirteen inches off the vision of a millionaire.

What made Huntington so extra su-



Respect Eckhardt and Five Famous
Champions Air Their Yiews.

"FITZ" SPEAKS FOR HIBSELP.

The Great Battle to be Short' Sharp.
Decisive—Neither Will Dream of
Tielding While the Heart
Beats.

(Copyright, 1885, for The Times.)

HERRE is herewith presented a
niste bouquet, a
composite letter
by one of the best
known referees
and sporting men
in their respective
champions in the country
and five recognizced pugit 13 stic
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contest now impending. The referee is
John P. Eckharit, of Coney Island Club
fame, and the field champions are Bob
Pussimmons himself, the greatest middeweight the world has evet known,
and the ambitious appiratus
and contest men in



The following lines are based on an actual incident of our civil war, and a subsequent revelation of the sentry's peril:

The Sentry's Hymns



"My fiesh creeps to-day, and a thousand unseen imps hold the reins of my fate,"

"Did you trade any when you wus ter-town?" asked Silas Oatbin. "Yes." replied Farmer Corntossel, "some." kating-rink manager from Montreal "some."

"How did you come out?"

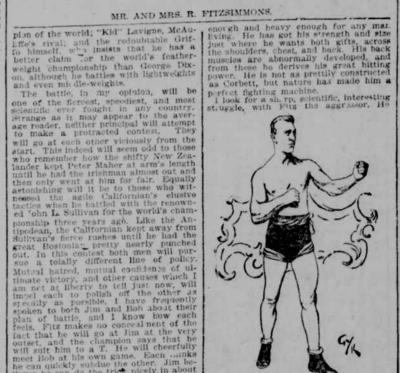
"Tow what ye'd call a stand-off. I give a fellow a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill fur a gold brick."—Washington Star.

nessed the agile Californian's etasive tactics when he battled with the renowned to thin L. Sullivan for the world's championship three years ago. Like the Antipodean, the Californian kent away from Sullivan's fierce rushes until he had the great Bostoniar, pretty nearly punched out. In this contest both men will pursue a tolally different line of policy. Mutual hatred, mutual confidence of ultimate victory, and other causes which I am net at liberty to tell just now, will impel each to polish off the other as specifly as possible. I have frequently spoken to both Jim and Boh about their plan of battle, and I know how each feels. Fitz makes no concealment of the fact that he will go at Jim at the very outset, and the champion says that he will suit him to a T. He will cheerfully meet Bob at his own game. Each canks he can quickly subdue the other. Jim believes he can do the trick nicely in about eight rounds, and Bob has the temerity to think he can give the Californian a asportific in half that length of time.

Corbett, by reason of his superior weight, height, and the four years of vantage he has in the way of youth, should win; but Fitzsimmons has a mighty good chance. Whichever way the tide of victory turns those fortunate enough to winness the contest will see one of the grandest exhibitions of eleverness, both in attack and defence, of shiftiness, speed, and gameness, ever recorded in the history of fistiana. Both men have toe much at stake to evere dream of yielding while the beart beats and the brain thinks. JOHN P. ECKHARDT.

JOHN ECKHARPT.

not fight unless I received \$0,000 from the Eidoloscope people, who propose to the Torda Athletic club, could not photoscraph me in the ring and make me a spoke in their money-making machine without giving me compensation, the same as they promised Corbett. I constitute as much of the exhibition as Corstitute as



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FITZ NATIS BIS CASE.

By the time this appears I expect to be at my training quarters at Corpus he at my training quarters at Corpus for the world's championship. Regarding for the world schampionship. Regarding for the world schampionship in the history of fistiana. Both men have the at my time the dot world for a history with Fitz and take blow for blow. Fitz hits almost twice as hard, and any student of arithmetic can figure out the result. Concisely stated, the world for a hattle for \$10,000 a side, and hope that "Kill Lavig new that the world for a hattle for \$10,000 a side, and hope that "Kill Lavig new the world for a hattle for \$10,000 a side, an

CHAMPION TOMMY BYAN'S IDEA OF IT.





lieve, literary clever as he undoubtedly is, he and dan-pect to get a lot of bad jabs and dan-per to get a lot of bad jabs and dan-gerous countering. I expect to see a red-hot, scientific battle with Corbett the win-ner in ten or twelve rounds. GEORGE LAVIGNE.

ner in ten or twelve rounds.

GEORGE LAVIGNE.

YOUNG GRIFFO'S BOLD PREDICTION.

There'll be a new champlon in town next month, and he won't be a coon, either. I mean that it will be Bob Fitz-simmons, and not Peter Jackson, who will whip Jim Corbett whenever and wherever they meet. Feter would have done the trick if Corbett would have done the trick if Corbett would have agreed to meet him before he became greyheaded. But I am on Fitzsimmons fighting. He's a holy terror. He hits as John L. Sullivan used to when he was boss of them all. Corbett can't begin to hit anything like him. It is pretty near an even break between Bob and Jim on cleverness, shiftiness, reach, speed, and endurance. Jim has a trifle the best in punching power. Who ought to win, then't Why, Fitz, of course.

ALBERT CRIFFITHS (CRIFFO.)

Saved by a Song.

The Sentry's Hymns

"Jesus, lover of my soul?"

On the midnight air it rung.
Echoed through the darkling pines.
From the sentry's tuneful tongue.
Strange unrest and homesick thought.
Nameless dread his heart opprest—
What such saddening change had
wrought
In the sentry's cheerful breast?
Calm and still the starry night;
Beautiful and full of balm
Were the fields, the groves of pine
Singing low their wonted pasiam.
But until his latest day.
Like a writing clear and plain.
Memory of that ionesome night
With the sentry will remain.
Its unwonted, haunting dread;

With the sentry will remain.
Its unwonted, haunting dread;
Its unreasoning, restless gloom;
Its deep sense of helplesaness;
Its sore pining after home.
Unknown danger in the air
Seemed to threaten, close and ste
So he made to God his prayer
In the sacred words of song.
"Cover my deferceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing"—
Was it but a charmed pine
Bending low to hear him sing?
"Other refuge have I gone."

Bending low to hear him sing?

"Other refuge have I aone."
Then he shought, "What need I morers.
Then he shought, "What need I morers.
And his trouble all was gone.
Like the wave that mesta the shore.

"Iesus, lover of my soul!"
From a steamer's deck is rung.
When, entranced, a silent throng.
On the singer's accents hung.
Marvellous his gift of song!
Melody pathetic, clear.
Angel music! every heart
Thrilled the wondrous strains to hear.
From the outer, spell-bound crowd.
Pressed a stranger dark and talk:
"Once before I heard you sing."
Eaid he gravely: "I recall
"Well that voice, that starry night:

"Well that voice, that starry night; Underneath the pines I stood, With my rifle aimed to send Lead to shed your brave heart's block

Lead to shed your brave heart's
"I was chosen for my skill;
Ah! my deading am was sure;
'Cover my defenceless head.'
Thus you sung and were secure
Death's cold shadow! how it pre
Dense and close the sentry lon
But he sung his prayer, and lo!
All the gloom of death passen of
Clasping warm the other's hand
Spake the sentry chokingty;
"Henceforth this, my dearcat by
Is most holy unto me."
Augusta Moore, in Journal of Com